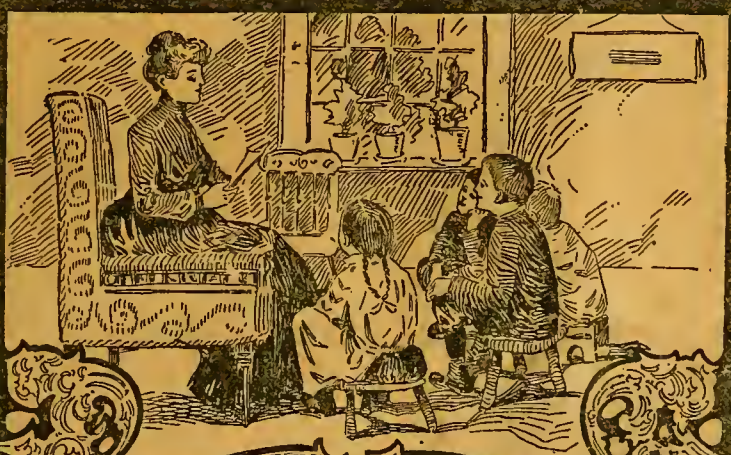


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CONTENTS.

IN THE BERNER "OBERLANDS." (Illustrated).....	H. J. C.	1
GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES OF EARLY DAYS....	John B. Evans.	6
MUSIC.....		11
CURRENT TOPICS:—Limited Marriages—Women in Politics—A Great Painting.....		13
THE ANGLES' SONG (A Poem).....		15
EDITORIAL THOUGHTS:—Revenge.....		16
AFTER THE WAR.....	Ellen Jakeman	17
THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN THE NURSERY (A Poem).....		23
TRUTH, THE IMMORTAL, (words by O. F. Whitney, Music by George Careless		23
KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT:—.....		25
ACROSS CANADA.....		28
A MODERN NOAH'S ARK.....		29
OUR LITTLE FOLKS.....		30

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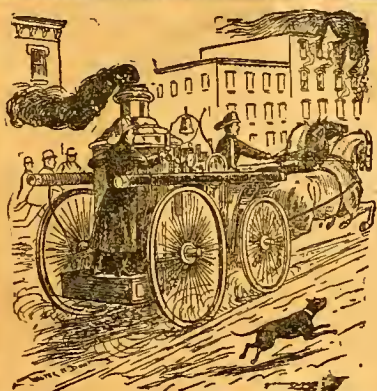
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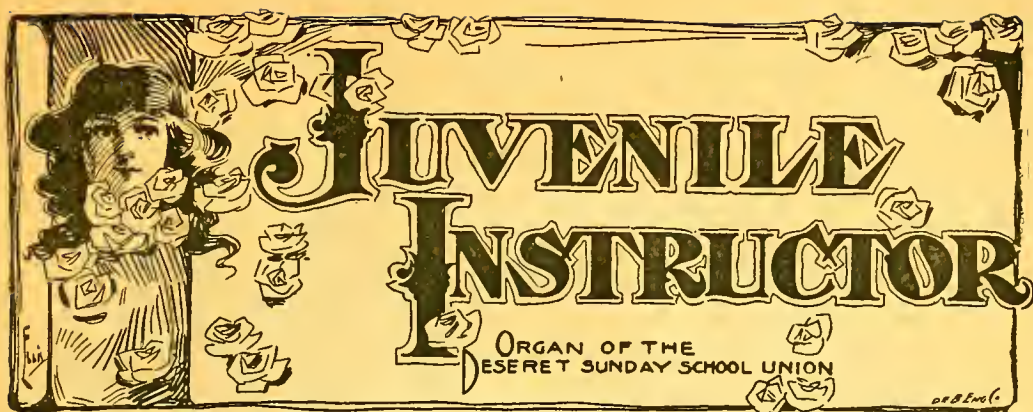
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No. 1

IN THE BERNER "OBERLANDS."

TO him who loves to open his eyes and heart to nature it would be difficult to imagine a more inviting part of the world than the Berner "Oberlands" of Switzerland. There one can see charming lakes, the waters of which vary in color from the most beautiful green to an intense blue.

On each side of these lakes mountains rise abruptly to an altitude so great that their peaks are constantly covered with snow. There is something novel about a Swiss mountain; like a Swiss lake, it is different from anything one sees elsewhere in the world. The waters of the lakes are always green or blue; the mountains, unless they are almost solid rock with not even a suggestion of soil, are always green to the snow line, and where there are a few rods of grass-producing land, no matter apparently how inaccessible, there one may be almost sure to find a small house.

There are numerous glaciers in the "Oberlands" as well as in other parts of this tiny republic, and the sight of these monster ice fields, to a person who has never seen one before, is a rich reward for many days of travel. Some of these are easily reached. The visitor may tramp over them and go into them in the grottoes which man has made. He is bewil-

dered with the grandeur and the strangeness of it all and hardly knows whether to give expression to his feelings by shouting praises to the Creator of so much beauty or to be overcome by the feeling of reverent awe which the sight produces and sit down and cry. Thousands upon thousands of strangers come to Switzerland every year, and the "tourist industry" is one of the most profitable of the country. Many of the peaks are famous for their sunsets and sun rises, and they are always crowded during the summer months.

None of the mountains, no matter how precipitous, present problems in railroad building which the Swiss engineers are afraid to attempt to solve—in fact, the more difficult of access the summit is, the more certain one may be of finding hotels there, and these are connected with the mainland (if one may use that expression) by cog-wheel or cable railways. The construction of these roads is naturally very expensive, and the fares on them are necessarily high, but the Swiss are a business people and have learned that the average American tourist and his money are easily parted, and mountain railroad building goes merrily on. The most stupendous undertaking in this di-



AN AVALANCH.

rection going on at present is the building of the road to the summit of the "Jungfrau," one of the most beautiful mountains of the Alps. This road has been under construction for several years and the opinion of many is that it will never be completed, although it is now possible to ride on it to a point several thousand feet up the mountain, from which a splendid view may be obtained. The road is almost wholly underground, the ice and snow presenting barriers on the surface which cannot be overcome. It is an electric cog-wheel line and obtains its power from the water which flows from the Eiger, the Jungfrau and surrounding glaciers. It may be needless to state that the missionaries usually prefer walking to riding on these expensive railways, and a good climber is not so far behind the train upon its arrival at the summit as one might naturally think. The view obtained while walking is certainly far superior to that which can be had from the cars.

The writer recently made a trip on foot through these mountains in company with three other missionaries, and it would require a gifted pen to do justice to what we saw. For three days there was hardly a moment when we could not hear a terrific roar which sounded like heavy artillery but which was the splitting and grinding of the glaciers. One evening after climbing from an elevation of sixteen hundred to seven thousand feet, visiting friends on the way, we found ourselves in a miniature valley, the beauty of which called forth exclamation of delight from all. On one side of us was a splendid pine forest; on the other, rising almost perpendicularly, were the three noted peaks, the Eiger, Moench and Jungfrau. We were not far from the snow line, and a little higher still, it seemed directly above us, was an immense glacier. It looked almost dangerous, as

though a very slight movement would bring it down upon our heads. Behind us was a mountain ranch where the famous Swiss cheese was being made, and before us, one might almost say directly below us, was the Lauterbrunnen valley, with its innumerable waterfalls. As the moon rose over the mountain, mingling her beams with the tints of the setting sun which had not entirely faded away and giving to the glaciers a thousand fantastic shapes, a picture was formed which will remain in the minds of those who saw it as long as memory endures.

But life among these mountains is not an elysian dream. In the very nature of things, a land which offers such great inducements to the tourist and the mountain climber presents almost insurmountable difficulties to the tiller of the soil, and in the "Oberlands" it is certainly not easy to wrest a livelihood from the few rods of land which is accessible. The people are very poor. It seems almost incredible that they can live on the small amount of means which they have. The writer has been in houses where all the furniture of the family would hardly cost more than a good dining-room table at home, where their entire wardrobe would perhaps not cost so much as the average American would pay for a good business suit, where their food for a month would not cost much if any more than a single meal at home often costs when two or three friends are invited to dinner. Of course some families have more to do with than this, but in the "Oberlands" anything which could be called a luxury is practically unknown. Mountains lose much of their beauty to those who have to earn a living off a patch of land high up in the air and with soil so shallow that the farm actually washes off about once each year and has to be carried back to its place in loads on the shoulders of the farmers. Men and women are usually not charmed

with the view of a lake, however beautiful it may be, if there is a constant danger of them falling from their farms fifteen or eighteen hundred feet into the

One of the principal industries in these mountains is the making of cheese. The people have a series of cabins extending from the valley to the very tops of



SWISS HAY MAKING.

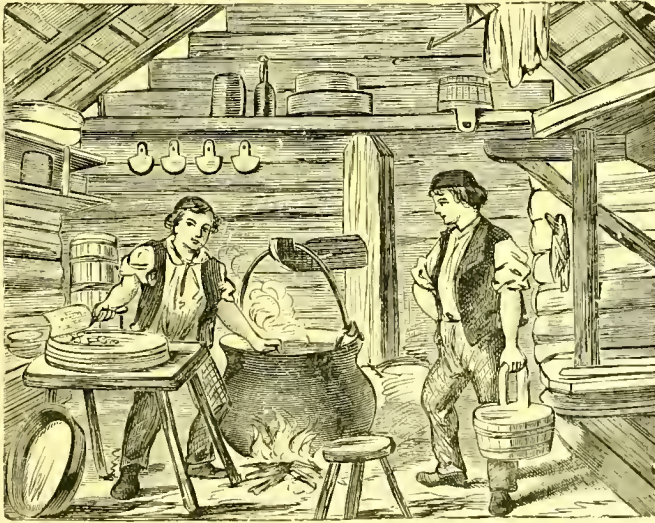
water and being drowned. And still that very thing might happen from many of the homes which dot the Swiss hills.

all the mountains where grass grows, and as soon as spring opens up the men ascend the hills with their cows, moving

from one cabin to the next higher as the snow melts, until midsummer finds them at the summits; and then as the snow falls they move down again. A recent newspaper contained an account of a man who has followed this life for seventy consecutive summers. He started in as a very small boy and is still at it. A visit to one of these cabins is very interesting. In one corner is a rock fireplace over which the milk is heated, this being the first step in the process of cheese-making. There is no chimney and the smoke escapes under the eaves of the

old-fashioned custom of putting the date on the house in a conspicuous place when it is built, and these indicate that many of the buildings are several centuries old.

The people themselves are simple, earnest, and above all genuine. There is an utter lack of artificiality about them. They are noted for their honesty and are otherwise extremely conscientious in all that they do, and whatever their standard is, they try to live up to it. Life to them seems very serious, and even the children are older than their years. It is



SWISS CHEESE MAKING.

building. The furniture consists of a rough table and a few one-legged stools which are also used when the milking is done. Each of these has a strap attached which the milker fastens around his body, so that when he moves from one cow to another he carries the stool with him and still has his hands free. It is amusing to see the men running about with the leg of the stool sticking out behind like the tail of a monkey. The sleeping quarters in these cabins are in a half loft under the eaves. There is an

really remarkable that in a country where the people depend so largely for their living upon what they can get from the tourists that one sees so little begging. Such a thing is practically unknown in Switzerland. While they are doubtless willing to charge strangers a good round price for what is furnished, they seem equally willing to share their last piece of bread with a friend or with one who is in need. All missionaries who have traveled in the "Oberlands" can bear testimony to this fact. Because of be-

ing a missionary, the writer has been given the best the place afforded free of charge, and has been made equally welcome in a poor hovel and in a first-class hotel.

Association with nature under any conditions makes one better, and an individual who can see these mountains, glaciers, waterfalls and lakes without feeling that he was coming in contact with the divine would indeed be depraved, and the Swiss people have certainly partaken of the character of the beauties in nature with which they are surrounded. A man would almost as soon expect to have impure, corrupt thoughts or give way to wickedness in one of our holy temples as he would among these Alpine hills, and it would seem impossible for anyone to doubt the existence of a God. On one of these mountains with the clouds below him, just as twilight is coming on with small patches of blue so far away in the valley as to be hardly discernible but which he knows are lakes, a man feels

that he is no longer a part of the sordid, grasping world. He is alone with his thoughts, and with only his Maker near. The silence, broken only by the musical tinkling of some distant cowbells, is conducive to holy thoughts, and a man finds himself almost unconsciously appealing to his Father for forgiveness of his transgressions and for strength to overcome evil. His conception of life is enlarged; his aspirations become more exalted, and he feels in his heart that he will honestly try to love righteousness and hate iniquity. He wishes he had been more forgiving toward his fellowman, more charitable in his dealings, more upright in all his past life, for the veil between him and his Creator seems very thin, and the knowledge of his shortcomings makes him tremble. He has a foretaste of the feelings which will some day come to him when he stands before the Great Judge and hears him say: You may now make your report.

H. J. C.



GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES OF EARLY DAYS.

CHAPTER FIRST.



YOU know where De Kalb is, don't you? But I guess you don't either, because it makes such a tiny mark on the map. So I shall have to tell you where it is. And Grandmother prepared to tell us a story of her girlhood days, for which we had been coaxing for a long time.

If you bring your geography here and open it to Mississippi, I shall point it out to you. Here on the eastern side, the side towards Alabama, midway between the top and the bottom of the map, is

Kemper county. And here almost in the center of Kemper county is De Kalb. I don't know what the histories say, but it is my opinion that this town was named after Baron De Kalb, a Bavarian general who came over from France with Lafayette during the Revolutionary war, and who was killed in battle somewhere in South Carolina. At any rate, here is De Kalb the town, written in black letters because it is the county seat. This is where I used to live.

It was then only a little town. Indeed, it is still small; for those places in the South do not grow so fast as our towns and cities do in the West. I can remem-

ber, for instance, when there were only a few people living at Provo and Ogden; and now there are many thousands in each place. But it is very different with the older settlements in other parts of the country. Your geography, Alice, tells me that even now, after sixty years, De Kalb proper has only two hundred inhabitants. So you see that it cannot have grown very much since 1843.

There is one particular, though, in which a great change has taken place, and that is in the general appearance of the neighborhood. When I lived at De Kalb, there was a great forest west of our farm. But I noticed three years ago when I went back there on a visit that all these trees had been cut down, and their roots dug up to make room for corn, potatoes, and cotton. In fact there were few trees to be seen except those which had been planted in the gardens for shade or fruit.

Now I come to think of it, there is another thing in which there has been a change, though very likely no one would notice it unless he had lived there before the Civil War. You have already guessed what I mean—it is slavery. In those days almost everybody owned slaves—that is, almost everyone in the Southern States. Some had only two or three, others had twenty or thirty, and a man who lived just east of us had forty or fifty. I often think now how badly those poor black people were treated. Sometimes when they were stubborn and would not work, the master would strip them almost naked, tie them up to a big post made for the purpose, and then beat them with a heavy blacksnake whip till the blood ran down their backs and legs. If you have ever read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" you have a good idea of the treatment the Negroes received; for almost every word of that book is true.

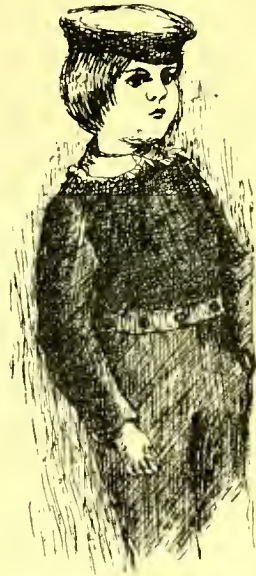
But the people did not think then that this treatment was so cruel as they do to-

day, any more than some farmers that I know who beat their cows and horses think they are doing a very serious wrong, though others think very differently. The fact is that Negro-whipping was so common, and people thought very generally that it was so well-deserved, that few stopped to consider how cruel it was.

"Was I not afraid of those horrid black men?"

I should say I was. All the women and children were frightened half to death of them.

Once when I went with my mother to visit my Aunt Mary, we got such a scare



"WILLIE WAS ONLY SIX."

as I shall not easily forget. Uncle John had a great many slaves, and it happened when we got there that he and the boys were away. Of course we didn't think much of it at first, at least I didn't; for I could not see how any harm would come to us at Aunt Mary's. Just as it was getting dark we went into the bedroom, and upon entering we distinctly heard a noise in the direction of the fire-place.

Auntie stopped, turned pale, I remember, and whispered something to mother, which I could not hear. Then she said aloud—

"I forgot to tell Zina that we shall want breakfast an hour earlier in the morning. We'll have to go and tell her; we can get back in a minute or two."

So we all three went out. But instead of going to give orders about breakfast, Auntie and mother set off in a hurry for a neighbor's, dragging me between them at such a rate!

"Mr. Thompson," broke out Auntie all out of breath as soon as we reached his yard, "there's a negro up the chimney of my bedroom!"

Without a word Mr. Thompson and four other men set off towards Aunt Mary's house, we following as fast as we could. When they got there, they looked up the chimney and, sure enough, there was a great big Negro. But they pulled him down, handling him very roughly. You may depend upon it, when Uncle John and his sons came home, this black fellow got a sound thrashing; and I think he deserved it this time, don't you? It was only when the men-folks were away from home that the Negroes would attempt to play any such pranks.

And yet there were a good many kind hearts buried under these black skins, after all, men and women. You know Uncle Tom in Mrs. Stowe's book was really a good man. And there were plenty of old men like him. But there were more women that were kind and gentle to all. Very often the children thought nearly as much of their old Mammie, as they called the Negress that took care of them, as they did of any one except, of course, their own fathers and mothers.

But, as I was saying, all this is changed now. The Civil War, as you know, did away with slavery, and now if the people want Negroes to work for them they must

pay them as they would any white person. I often think what a difference the War made for the Southern people; but I suppose if they had their own choice now, they wouldn't want slavery back again.

We used to have some very severe storms in Mississippi in those days. Once when I was sitting on the door-step, I saw one coming, but I knew from the direction it took that it would miss our



"I WAS BETWEEN EIGHT AND NINE."

house. So I was not afraid. It was a genuine hurricane, one of those very destructive wind storms that visit some parts of the United States.

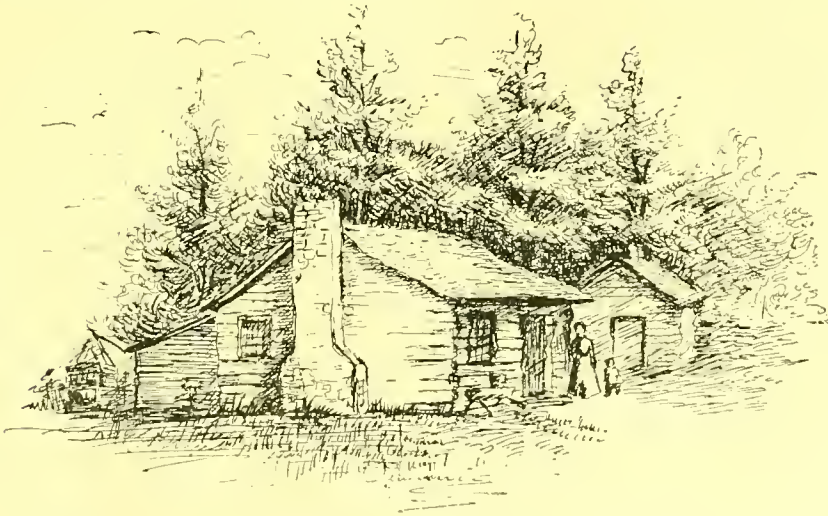
"There goes a fence!" I shouted. And pretty soon, "It's taking up a chicken coop!" And so I went on calling by name the things as they were swept away in the storm.

Then there was a heavy rain, such a one as I have never seen since. It came through our roof in spite of the thickness of it. Mother was sick at the time, and the rain came dripping down upon the bed, wetting everything. The nurse took out the trundle bed, put mother on it, and then pushed it back under the big bed. But it was of no use, for the rain found her even there. She caught such a cold that she was sick for a long time, and everyone thought that she was going to die.

But I haven't told you anything about our family, have I? Well, I will tell

had come to Mississippi from the North when only a young man, but more I think, because he was such an independent and right-living man. So he either raised his corn himself, or hired it done by Indians. We had a young colored girl to do the housework—that is the heaviest part of it—two days every week, for which we paid her, as we did the Indians. And this is all we had to do directly with negroes, though I saw a good deal of them whenever I went over to Hale's, who lived just across the road from us.

What sport we two children used to



"THIS IS WHERE I USED TO LIVE."

you something of them, though there is not much to say. After that I will tell you some of the things that I did and saw at De Kalb when I was a little girl.

There were only four of us in the family—father and mother, and my brother Willie and I. Willie was only six years old in 1843, and I was between eight and nine. My father, that's your great-grandfather, owned a farm close by this forest that I have spoken of. But he had no slaves; he didn't think it was right to have them. This was partly because he

have in the forest. I don't know what we would have done without it. There were all manner of trees growing there, but I did not know half of their names. I distinctly remember that there were persimmons, pines, oaks, chus and almonds, with a good many varieties of shrubs. Wild grapes grew in abundance; and very often in our rambles we might see rabbits, squirrels, wild turkeys, and, once in a while, when we ventured out farther than usual, a number of deer. In the spring and early summer we used to spend a great

deal of time in gathering flowers and weaving them into garlands, carrying them home to hang up in our little parlor.

Two or three times every week, Willie and I would tramp after father through the tangled brush, tearing our clothes and scratching our hands and faces, as he chased the rabbits with his gun, or walked cautiously to scare up some turkeys. Once in a great while he would shoot a deer, and then we had to stay where it was killed to watch it, if it was too heavy for father to carry, until he went home and brought out old Noll, our pet horse.

But we had most fun in the autumn, when the nuts were ripe. We used to go out early in the morning, and sometimes would be gone all day. We always came home, though, with a basket full of nuts or persimmons. You don't know what a persimmon is? Well, it looks on the outside very much like a plum, but inside it is red like a ripe tomato, and it makes you pucker up your mouth except when it is frost-seasoned. Sometimes I would go out of a morning with a clean, white apron on, and come home with it at night all stained with persimmons. Whenever, on these rambles, we saw deer, we would come home excited, and try to persuade father to catch a young one for us, as Mr. Hale did, so that we might tame it.

And that reminds me of a very sad deer story, which I will tell you, and that will be enough for this time.

I have already explained that our nearest neighbor across the street was a Mr. Hale, who owned a large plantation and a great many slaves. He kept a pet deer, which used to feed on the grass around the house. Everybody who passed by his place or that visited him, admired the deer, because it was so tame and so beautiful. Willie and I used to peep through

the fence at it, for father would not let us go into the yard when it was there.

One day, as the deer was browsing on the front lawn, a little Negro girl came from the Negro quarters near the house. Pretty soon we heard her screaming at the top of her voice. We ran to the fence, and there was this tame deer running towards her, while she, instead of scampering away, as she might have done, did nothing but jump up and down, crying out that the deer was going to kill her. We thought it was great fun at first, but pretty soon it became very serious; for the deer hooked her with its great horns, tossing her high into the air, and when she fell trampling her under its feet. When I saw this, I got frightened, grabbed Willie's hand, and together we ran home as fast as we could.

Father hurried over to Mr. Hale's when I told him what had happened, but the little Negro girl was dead when he got there. He told Mr. Hale that he ought to kill the deer, for if he didn't it would do something he would be sorry for all his life, now that it had started to kill people; and that next time it might not be one of the Negroes' children either. But Mr. Hale got very angry with father, and told him to mind his own business. He said he would not even shut it up.

The very next week Mr. Hale's married daughter came to see him, bringing her little girl who was about six years old. She was Mr. Hale's only grandchild. Willie and I were playing in the road one day when we saw this little girl out on the lawn riding her pretty little black Shetland pony. Her white dress and blue sash fluttered as she rode around on the grass. Full of admiration, I led Willie to the fence, where we pressed our cheeks against the pickets, and put our noses as far through as we could so that we might see.

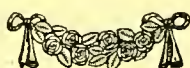
In a little while she told her grand-

father that she was tired of riding. Mr. Hale called for a black slave, who took her off the pony and led it away to the stable. And she started off towards the Negro quarters. I remember I looked at her enviously as she ran in her pretty slippers, blue ribbons, and her golden curls tossing in the breeze. Mr. Hale went to his work in another direction.

All of a sudden I saw the deer running after her, just as it did when it killed

the little Negress. I shouted as loud as I could to Mr. Hale that the deer would kill the little girl. He could not make out at first what I said, I was so excited. But pretty soon he understood. He ran back to rescue his little grandchild, but he was too late, she had been almost instantly killed. Mr. Hale shot the deer, now that it had done its most terrible work.

John H. Evans.



MUSIC.

A STUDY OF FROEBEL'S MOTHER PLAY.

The Finger Piano.

THERE is beauty in harmony. Harmony of sound as music, chime of bells, laughter of happy children, song of birds, sighing of the breeze, rustle of the leaves, hum of bees, whiz and whir and drone of insect life.

I wonder if there are any, or many, mothers who do not remember making "pretend" pianos out of the edges of boxes, chairs or any probable or improbable object. Froebel's little play is the same thing, only that the bent fingers of one hand make the piano which is played upon by the fingers of the other hand, and singing and counting in unison with the movement of his fingers the child gets some idea of the relationship of number to melody and time and also to the movement we call measure.

Music in the Home.

"Have you ever reflected," asks Froebel, "upon the important bearings of measure, rhythm, and proportion upon man's daily life? He who in all things

obeys the law of measure is a man of tact. Do you desire that his life shall be a musical and harmonious one? If so, cultivate his love of song and his ability to sing."

Music teachers tell us that there is scarcely any one entirely devoid of the ability to learn to sing and of course where this ability exists in ever so slight a degree it may be cultivated somewhat, by perseverance and patience. But even if the child have the perseverance—and it is not likely to have without much encouragement—parents do not always have the patience to endure the eternal practice, practice, practice necessary. It certainly is a nerve-racking process if listened to with nerves on edge but there is such a thing as turning one's dull side out.

A lady was sitting on her front veranda, one afternoon writing, when some callers came. Almost as soon as greetings had been exchanged one of them asked:

"Doesn't that constant piano practice across the way distract you?" "Oh no," was the reply, "I never hear it unless I want to."

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed the other, "that you can sit here and write as peacefully as we found you and not be annoyed by that. It would drive me wild. I couldn't do a thing with any sense to it while that is going on."

"But," said the hostess, "it is going on from seven in the morning until eleven at night and I had to learn to ignore it. At first it troubled me, but I blunted my hearing all I could and practiced thinking intently about something else until now I truly do not hear it unless I want too."

So I want to say, if it is possible thus to school oneself not to be annoyed by a neighbor's practice, surely one should do it for one's own little children. Some of them are so sensitive that their musical ambition is chilled often even killed entirely by fault finding or criticism.

Not every one who has talent for it can afford to learn instrumental music. But those who have voice should be allowed and encouraged to sing whether they may have it cultivated or not. For the poorest, most untutored person may enjoy song as much, and certainly needs its cheering, uplifting influence more than any well-to do or highly cultured person. I do not decry art in music, by all means get as much musical education for yourself and children as you can, but do not despise the day of small things, the people who are only at the beginning in music. Remember there is such a thing as cultivating all the heart out of it, in which case the finest rendering of the most difficult music lacks the joy and gladness of the spontaneous outburst of song fresh from a happy heart in unstudied effort.

The influence of good music anywhere is elevating. That heard at the concert hall is magnificent, soul-stirring, instructive; that at the sanctuary, inspiring, uplifting, impressive. A program for any kind of entertainment is lightened and

brightened by music; but that heard in the home, though it may be the simplest, is the very sweetest and best.

How one does love to hear a little child, or children, singing when heart and soul are in it, and they are unconscious of listeners, or to hear older people singing at their work—the maid in the kitchen, the mother at her household tasks—it sounds as if they are happy and makes the listener glad-hearted. But the happiest sight and the dearest time is when the family gather together for their musical enjoyment. Nothing more gladdens and glorifies the fireside nor promotes harmony of spirit at the hearth than music about it, vocal, instrumental, or both.

The mother should be a happy one who is able to gather her children about the piano and play for them to sing with her and their father, but the mother who is not thus able to help them to learn can yet do much to encourage them to love it. We need all to be careful, however, in urging our children to acquire this one of the so-called "accomplishments" that our motive or theirs is not made the mere winning of praise or the outshining of others.

Music of the Soul.

Higher and more important than the cultivation of man's outer ear is the culture of that inner sense of harmony whereby the soul learns to perceive sweet accord in soundless things, and to discern within itself harmonies and discords. This is the inward harmony that makes one feel at peace with all the world, and is sure to find outward expression in a radiant face turned to all, a kind word to each one we meet and as many good actions as it is possible to crowd into the day.

"The inward discords" referred to is that feeling of being "out of tune" with

oneself and surroundings, with the world generally, and shows itself in the discontented, sullen expression of the face, the cross or unkind word at home and the disposition to take the opposite side of whatever proposition is advanced—a selfish, sordid, outlook on life and people that shuts up the sympathetic heart-throbs and shuts off the music of the soul or turns it into a dirge. Surely the harmonious rather than the discordant inner self is to be cultivated until the music of the soul produces

The Harmony of Life.

This life yields its music, as its other good things, to those who are capable of enjoying it. This is why some find their lives barren, dull and flat even with abundance of means for enjoyment, while others find an abundance of pleasure with but limited means. The music must first be in one's own soul then it is to be both seen and heard. Everything is melody when our hearts are once atune; the swaying wheat sings, the lark listens and sings again, the fragrance of the flowers is sweet music to the bees and they accompany it with their whirring wings.

The free birds in the trees, the canary in its cage sing and say together: "Recognize in least and smallest things the great Creator's might."

How sweetly the little brother and sister play, absorbed in the music they are making. The glowing colors, too, take part in the symphony and their accordant hues make music for the eye.

That our children may acquire this true music of the soul, that they may recognize and enjoy, yes and enter into their birthright of the harmony of life we must not practice upon them like an out-of-tune instrument until we learn from bitter experience, something of time and tone and touch. We must ourselves first be taught so that we can read aright the music that should make up this wonderful page of life and can play upon the scales of temper, disposition, feeling, and the chords of love without striking the notes that produce unhappy discords. Then must we introduce them, not laboriously and painfully, but joyously to the music the world holds for the heart attuned to see and hear its beauties.

Home Magazine.



CURRENT TOPICS.

LIMITED MARRIAGES.

SOMETIME ago, Mr. George Meredith, the English novelist, spoke out in favor of limited marriage, a marriage from whose obligations the parties to it might be free after a term of years. Such marriages have some prestige in oriental countries, especially among the Persians. The subject was dealt in with summary objections by writers in this country. Yet it will not

down. Its advocates are more numerous than was at first supposed. In its practice, the father is required to set aside a certain amount for the support of the children, so that they will not be victims of limited cares. Of course, such a requirement in the United States would be worthless in perhaps most cases. The extravagant habits of life and the intemperate practice of parents preclude the possibility of forethought and economy

for children. In a few cases the children might not fare badly if parents concluded to separate at the end of the contract, say five or ten, or even twenty years. The results here, where an evil tendency is already strong, would be the almost total failure of offspring.

In our country, the state is a sort of third party to such contracts. Almost any one can marry, but the state is always a party when such contracts are annulled. To accept limited marriages, the policy of the state would have to undergo a radical change. Whether such marriages are better or worse than the divorce system of this country is not the question in point. Whatever may be the laxity of morals and fidelity in married life, it is certainly better to start young people out with the firm impression that the union they are forming in matrimony is at least for life.

Divorce owes, in some measure, its growth to the false religious conception that the highest status of married life is for time only. In some European countries a sort of limited marriage system prevails in the practice of "wild" marriages, where young people simply live together without the ceremony of marriage vows. Germany, for example, has a great deal of limited marriage; and our divorce practices give us a system that may be worse than the oriental practice espoused by Mr. Meredith.

It would be a mistake to suppose that his suggestion is entirely without sympathetic recognition in this country. It would not require a great step to transfer our divorce practice to the limited marriage system.



WOMEN IN POLITICS.

RECENTLY France celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the Civil Code. The occasion proved opportune for a

demonstration on the part of the women of Paris against the Napoleonic code, which discriminated, like all other laws of that time, against the independent condition of women. These women, in their protest to the government, declared that the code which they were to celebrate put women in the position of minors, criminals, and imbeciles. The women of France are already no small factor in the political life of the country. While they cannot vote, they are, like the women of this country, great campaigners. Their domestic duties do not stand in the way of political activity and agitation. The more general enfranchisement of women is only a question of time. As soon as their real power in political struggles comes to be more distinctly felt, the great political parties will bid for their favor by promises of the franchise.

The growth of political power among the women of the United States has been so persistent and aggressive the last five years that people have hardly awakened to its importance. The changes which the enfranchisement of women would bring would not be so great as many imagine; and it is quite likely that our political practices would not be so greatly affected by such a change as the women themselves.

When it is remembered that one-third of the women of our country never marry, woman's franchise in the future is quite likely to work in a manner for which there is no existing precedent. Their enfranchisement is a political problem of great uncertainty. Whither it will lead us no one can foresee. It is coming rapidly and strong. We shall scarcely realize it before it forces upon us some of the greatest problems of the age.

The part played by the women of the country against Senator Smoot has, perhaps, been one of the strongest, if not the strongest factor against him. The

pressure brought to bear in his case has been a blind one, but it has nevertheless been strong. That it has been a blind one is evidenced by the fact that their demands have been in the nature of an ultimatum. The Senate has not been asked to determine the existence or non-existence of the facts alleged in the protest. Their existence has been assumed in advance. It does not follow, however, that women when they have once been entrusted with the franchise will continue to act upon a mere impulse awakened by the ministers whose chief field of operation has been among the women of the country. Such irrational impulsiveness may be some cause for alarm, but it is to be hoped that time and experience will modify it.

A GREAT PAINTING.

THERE arrived recently in New York from Poland a great painting by Styka. The picture itself has quite a history. Some time ago, Paderewski, the celebrated pianist, took a great fancy to the work of his countryman, and sent him to Palestine to study the country and drink in the life of the people there. The result was the painting of "Golgotha," the scene of Christ's crucifixion.

Russia offered, before she withdrew

from her exhibition at the World's Fair at St. Louis, to place the picture in the space allotted to Russia. This Styka consented to do provided it were represented as the work of a Pole. Russia would not consent that it be exhibited by Russia otherwise than as the work of a Russian.

France then came forward with an offer to exhibit the great masterpiece and to bestow the medal of the Legion of Honor upon the artist provided he accepted the citizenship of France. Styka declined France's proposed honors. He styles himself a Pole and a Catholic.

The church has now come to his aid by her powerful influence, and the picture will be put on exhibition in this country, and will undoubtedly prove a strong attraction to the lovers of art in the United States.

Before "Golgotha" was painted, Styka produced a painting called "Polonia," representing Poland in the grasp of tyrants. A Russian artist ventured to make a copy of "Polonia." For the offense he was whipped and sent to Siberia in exile for life. The canvas upon which the scenes of our Savior's crucifixion are so vividly depicted will present a large panoramic view, the picture being 196 feet long and 50 feet high.



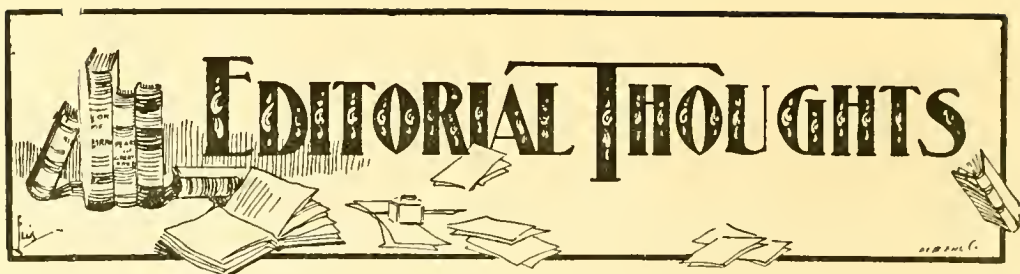
THE ANGELS' SONG.

In David's City long ago,
Within a manger rude and low,
A little baby slept.
While, on the moonlit mountain steep,
Some shepherds watching o'er their sheep
A midnight vigil kept.
When softly through the silence came,
In clearest notes a single strain -
The first sweet Christmas hymn.
"Fear not, for unto you is born,

At Bethlehem this happy morn,
A Savior and a King."

Down through the ages comes the strain,
And men take up the glad refrain
Which filled the earth and sky.
Oh, never will the great song cease,
"To men on earth, good-will and peace,
Glory to God on high!"

Selected.



SALT LAKE CITY, - JANUARY 1, 1905.

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REVENGE.



PEOPLE should never be revengeful and want to punish their fellow-men when the latter do not act as the former would have them, or even when their fellow-men have done them some harm. In the first place much of the wrong that people think they suffer is purely imaginary, and they may, therefore, injure others unjustly. There is another particular reason why we should not feel revengeful to others whom we may never be able to injure, even if we would do so. Feelings of revenge make those who harbor them very unhappy.

Such feelings feed a spirit of hatred which is always dangerous to the human soul.

One in such a mood dislikes not only the person against whom he has a grievance, but also comes in time to dislike people generally. His feelings of charity, good will, and love are supplanted by a spirit of hatred. The injury which one, therefore, seeks to inflict upon the special object of his dislike is inflicted upon people generally. The more room there is taken in the human heart by an evil disposition, the less there is left for that which is good and beautiful.

In the home, everything possible should be done to banish all thoughts of revenge, and even criticism, because the whole family suffers the loss which one of its members must experience whenever that one person is filled by a disposition that is evil. We do not know enough of one another to inflict punishment upon others, especially when that punishment is for a wrong or supposed wrong which we have suffered.

In the administration of human laws, punishment wherever it is administered is left to a third person. How much more necessary it is then to leave the more intricate questions of divine punishment to an allwise Creator who alone is able to read the human heart.

There is another reason why we should not pursue those who have injured us. They may repent, they may feel sorry and regret what they have done without making any confession to us.

People are constantly correcting themselves, especially if they are at all disposed

to be fair minded; and self-correction is better than any correction that other people can bring about. It is a most unfortunate disposition in a person who is always trying to get even with some one for an alleged wrong, "I'll pay him

back," is after all the language of a rogue and is unworthy the utterance of a Latter-day Saint. Any fool or bad man can be revengeful, but it takes a noble soul to overlook or forgive unbidden.



AFTER THE WAR.

IN those last days of the great struggle between the North and South during the civil war, when the gallant Robert E. Lee and his heroic army were hemmed in by Grant and Sheridan, many of the Southern regiments went to pieces by what is known as the crumbling process.

Numbers of men in Lee's division, which was called the Army of North Virginia, had been recruited in the vicinity of Appomatox, and, hungry and helpless, one by one, they just went home.

Indeed, General U. S. Grant, in his "Personal Memoirs," tells how while occupying an almost dismantled hotel at Farmville, near where the last and most decisive battle was fought, that he went out one morning and found a Confederate colonel busying himself in putting things to rights. In explanation he said he was proprietor of the house, that his regiment had been recruited in the neighborhood, and that by the time he reached his own door, he was the last man left, so he had decided to stop right there; that the war was ended, so far as he was concerned, and that he expected to enter into peaceable possession of the wreck of his home was very apparent, nor was he disappointed. He went about putting things in order about the place, and in a silent, sad way making his illustrious guest as comfortable as his surroundings would permit.

However, Fred Foster, whom this sketch more nearly concerns, did not desert his gallant general until the great surrender practically ended the war. Then taking the horse he had ridden—as Grant's generosity permitted him to do—he turned his back on the glories and horrors of war, and his face toward his home, there to meet the problems that awaited him under the changed conditions.

He had been a slaveholder, and the son of a slaveholder. His broad acres had been tilled by the descendants of Ham for many generations; and while he understood what was necessary to be done as an overseer, and was business man enough to market his crops advantageously when they were ready for market, he had never attempted the hard physical labor necessary to growing them successfully.

How the negroes would conduct themselves under the freedom proclamation he could not even guess, but understanding their natures much better than those who had given them unconditional freedom, he felt sure they would be a nuisance as citizens, a detriment as an industrial factor, and a menace always.

It was just breaking day as Mr. Foster passed through the gate of his own extensive plantation. He reined in his weary, war-scarred horse, and took a look at the wide spread ruin and desolation. Forest

growth was springing up over the wide fields that had not been plowed for two years. Out-buildings had been torn down to make camp fires, gates hung by one hinge where a vestige of them remained at all. A drove of lean hogs were rooting up and wallowing where rag-weed, poke and dog-fennel had taken the garden spot literally.

All about the place were signs of decay and neglect, to say nothing of the wanton destruction that marks the path of an army, be they friend or foe.

Mr. Foster rode into the stable-yard and put up his horse, feeding him such scant provender as was to be found, where once rich abundance had met every traveler's need. A strange cur barked at him so viciously and persistently that he gave the animal a kick, for, to tell the truth, Mr. Foster was in a very bad temper. The yelp which answered the kick brought a male negro out of the house, not one of the old familiar servants of the place, but a fat, black fellow with an immense swagger

He eyed the ragged, dusty regimentals, and not knowing that he looked upon the master of the place, called out in a threatening tone, "Heah! Doan you kick that dog, Mr. What's-ye-name."

Mr. Foster hitched his foot and in no very gentle manner, lifted the cur over a board fence, and without making any reply or so much as looking in the negro's direction, passed up the walk, crossed the broad veranda, and with no word of greeting from any living soul, passed to his own room.

No need of the key which he took from his pocket—the door stood open. From the appearance of the room, the owner of the dog had probably used it as a sleeping apartment. He wandered from one room to another, looking upon their dismantled condition. Where furniture remained it was in a state of dilapidation,

dirt and disorder. This was what he had expected, and yet it smote him with a keen pain, not unmixed with anger, for much of the destruction was vandal and wanton. Here a handsome carved chair careened against the wall with a broken leg. Flames had scorched the faces of valuable pictures. Mirrors were smashed, dirty footprints were on velvet upholstery, and remnants of food littered the carpets, which showed broad grease spots, and indelible stains. There was scarcely a window pane unbroken in the whole house, while the costly finishing of solid oak had been hacked and defaced by hatchets and pocket knives.

Finding writing materials, he sat down and wrote a long letter to his wife, whom he had sent to a safe distance when the armies began to focus in that vicinity. He told her of all the ruin and desolation, the destruction of their home and the desecration of their bridal chamber. Of the years of toil and poverty that must needs intervene between this dreadful home-coming and the time when he could offer her a place to live worthy of the name of home.

He told her to stay with her people; that he felt he could better bear the burdens and hardships of his life if he knew she was comfortable and safe.

"I do not know if one of our old neighbors have come home except old Captain Parker, and both his sons are dead," he wrote. "This is a wilderness again; and although this is the home of my fathers, and everything is dear to me, I have thought, dear wife, it might be better to go to South America or Honolulu, and begin life anew, where we will not daily and hourly be reminded of the past and humiliated by the present."

This and much more he wrote to his fair young wife, and so absorbed was he that for sometime he failed to note the various sounds that came dully to his ears. As

he opened the chamber door, sounds more or less familiar came from various parts of the house. Negroes sang and negroes swore. A "break down" seemed to be in progress over his head in the parlor, Two or three wenches were quarreling and calling names out by the smoke house, at some distance from the house. Several negro lads were pitching horseshoes under a sycamore tree, and over all Mr. Foster heard the monotonous insistent wailing of children. Evidently none were aware that the master was within the walls of his home.

"What a terrible home-coming!" He groaned as he leaned his head on the door casing and wondered if the poor fellow who died upon the battlefield had felt the desolation of those who returned unscathed to begin the work of reconstruction.

The sun was now high in the heavens as Mr. Foster passed from one room to another. A group of negroes had gathered in the shade of a great magnolia tree in the front yard, and as Mr. Foster stepped out on the veranda and stood looking down on them, he experienced a vague sense of disappointment that Tom, a negro that had been given to him when they had been mere infants was not among them. Tom had proven himself superior in many respects to his race. Some little education he had acquired, and in consequence lost much of the general superstition of his people. He had shown a great love for his master, and the letters which Mr. Foster received from his mother during the first year of the war were full of Tom's faithfulness and industry. Then the mother died, and Tom had undertaken the management of the place against appalling difficulties, until Mr. Foster had sent his wife away, and since that time he had heard nothing of Tom.

"I tells yo all times has dun changed,"

announced George Washington, the owner of the kicked dog. "Yo alls dun hab to work no mo. De year oh jubolo's dun come. Now us niggers gwine to ride in our karidges and white folks kin hoe de crop in de hot sun for a while."

This speech greatly pleased the younger members of the group, but Aunt Nancy, the cook, stood looking at the visitor with arms akimbo, and said:

"Who yo tink gwine fin' yo bacon and corn pone whiles yo lay in de shade an watch white folks work, I like to know? Who take care yo when yo sick, yo hungry set ob niggers. Look at yer thin stomachs and rags now, and mister's only been daid two years, and Marse Fred only gone tree years, an all dis big plantation to work with, an all gone to ruin."

The negroes all looked to George Washington to defend them from the charges Aunt Nancy had made and point the way out of the difficulties she suggested.

This new disciple of freedom spread himself out and smiled with superior wisdom.

"Let dem work as wants to. Let de nigger dat don know whar to get his fill, eat de corn pone his mastah gib him; but I's jes gwine to take it whareber I finds it. Yo niggers has worked fur an made ebery bressed ting in de kuntry. What yo alls tink bout it?" he asked, including all the group except Aunt Nancy.

Before a negro could respond to this sentiment, which they were evidently prepared to do in a mild "hooray," Mr. Foster's calm voice asking a simple question instantly changed the whole tenor of events. George Washington jumped as though he had been shot, and felt of his finger nails as though he thought the shock might have loosened some of them. For the most part the negroes just stared in wonder mixed with fear, uttering various low exclamations. Some slunk

away, not knowing how much of their treasonable talk had been overheard, nor how it would be taken.

"Nancy, what is the matter with those children that they cry all the time?"

Nancy rolled her eyes up and stared at the face of her master as though she had seen a ghost, and finally said: "Why, Marse Fred! I—I guess dey's hungry."

"Hungry?" asked Mr. Foster, approaching the group, "is there nothing on the place to eat?"

"Oh, yes, sar, yes, sar. Dere's some ob de meal an bacon lef. what we got when we sol' de pe an-er."

"Then why don't you feed them?" he asked.

"Kaze Lige won' milk de cows, and Rufe won' get light-wood for de oven. Dey say as how dey's free, an won' work any mo; an if dey's free, I's free, an I won't cook—dey ain't my chillun."

Fred Foster was a vanquished soldier, ruined financially, wounded in his pride, and almost heart broken; but in spite of all, and the emancipation act thrown in, he was master here. A few stern words of authority, and the various persons addressed hastened to do his bidding, as in the old days, so strong is the habit of obedience. Only one pert girl tossed her curls and muttered that she was free, looked to the master of the kicked dog for encouragement.

"You go about your duties at once," the master said in an awful voice, "and don't let me hear any more how free you are while you are on my place."

The girl slowly turned on her heel and started, and the big negro blustered up, showing fight.

"Doan yo dast to tech that lady, sah! We alls free as yo be, an yo ekals; an she doan haven't to work, unless she sees fitten."

Up to this time Mr. Foster had paid

not the slightest attention to this gent, but now he picked up a whip which lay conveniently near, and without any parley began laying it about the back of this "free" man in a way that decided him to stand not upon the manner of his going, but go at once.

The negro, as has ever been their character, at once sided with their former master because he was successful, and jeered their companion, who, safely outside the gate, was rubbing his wounds and uttering wild threats.

Before the simple meal was ready Mr. Foster knew they were all hungry, but he made them stand back till the last pickaninny had filled his black rubber skin as long as it would hold a crumb of corn pone or a drop of milk.

He sent several negroes to mend the front yard fence to keep the pigs out, others to picking chicken heads, old cans and other rubbish off the place where the lawn had been, and the women to cleaning the house.

All day he was turning the problem over in his mind—What was he to do with the negroes? Their idea of freedom was so crude, they must live, and the feeling in him of responsibility for them was inherent as theirs to obey the voice of authority.

In the evening he strolled over to see his neighbor, Captain Parker, and they talked over the free negro question, the result of their conference being that the next day they both rigged a "nondescript" team, and telling the negroes to pack up their personal belongings, loaded the children into the wagons, and letting the older ones walk, took them down to Grant's camp and turned them over to the government, feeling they were well rid of them.

Nancy was the only one who protested. She declared she wasn't going; but when all her arguments had been ex-

hausted and her former master refused to have her on the place on any terms, she said: "You's been hoodooed, you has! Like to know who'll do de cooking when de mistess get's back dar."

CHAPTER II.

It took Mr. Foster and Captain Parker a week to deliver the load of confiscated blacks to their new owners, and get back home. Returning they had made a detour to a rather large town to see what could be done to obtain seed and tools with which to put in crops, and also to talk with those who might be capable of giving them good advice. The results of their visit had been meager enough, and dark was just closing in on the weary travelers as they drove up to the Foster plantation.

"Come in and stay all night, Captain. I'll be very glad of your company," said Mr. Foster, as the old man was about to drive on.

"It will be mighty lonesome over at my place, and I believe I will," and they turned in and drove to the stable and cared for their teams.

As they approached the house Captain Parker remarked:—"You seem to have company already," for a light shone out on them.

"Some belated traveler, making himself at home, I suppose" said the host in reply, as he mounted the steps and opened the door.

Both men paused in bewilderment, almost inclined to question the evidences of their senses. The door they had entered opened directly into the dining room, where the table was laid with a white cloth, and the room neat and tidy. There was a vase of flowers on the table, and from somewhere came savory smells of corn bread and fried chicken.

While they stood staring, Nancy's ample person, and round determined face

showed themselves in the opposite door.

"So you'all done come have yo—Mars Fred," she said. "Yo supper's ready soon as eber yo can git yo selves washed and fiten to eat," and she marched back to the kitchen without giving Mr. Foster the least opportunity to reply.

"Say, Foster," said Captain Parker, with something like a real smile hovering over his face for an instant, "ain't that one of the niggers we turned over to the government a few days ago?"

"Yes, and by the great horn spoon!" said the hot-headed young Southerner, "she shall go back again."

"See here, Freddy, my boy," said kind Captain Parker, "you let that woman stay. She don't know how to tell you that she loves the family better than her freedom, except in these acts of comfort that her hands have been trained to do. The life that lies before us is none of the pleasantest, and if God has given you one true friend, accept the gift even if it is a slave's friendship."

When, after washing off the stains of travel, they sat down to the table. Aunt Nancy bustled in with coffee, beaten biscuits and fried chicken. Captain Parker remarked how cosy everything looked, and how good the supper tasted; when the shrewd woman took the opportunity to more securely settle herself in the place she had decided belonged to her.

"Yes indeedy! Yo doan get such srppers every whare just now. Tink I guine live mong low down white trash jis kaze some one yell 'dey free.' I was bohn in dis here neck of woods, I was, and I got jis as much right to live here as Mars Fred his self. Tink I'm guine to leave him here to cook for his self, and wuck? No sah. De mistess would rise rite outen her grave if I done think of it. So I jis toted my plunder and come right home, and here I's guine to stay, so dar," and she bounced out to return in a few moments

with some hot waffles, and a jug of blueberry jam. And stay she did. It subsequently developed that she had a few chickens hidden in an adjacent swamp, securely housed against vermin, and a pair of turkeys, that afterwards became the progenitors of a numerous race. At a suitable time she dug up the family silver, and produced webs of cloth and other supplies, that but for her devotion and intelligence would have certainly been confiscated.

Unaccustomed to farm work, Mr. Foster found himself very awkward and the task utterly distasteful, and in spite of the added comfort the faithful negress managed to give to the house and table, each night he stretched himself on his bed and felt that it would be better for all concerned if for him there was no tomorrow.

Every evening as he rode over to the post office he hoped without acknowledging it, that there would be a letter from his wife; and when the answer came that there was no letter, he knew how dear had been the hope, how sweet the expectation, by the darkness of the disappointment that settled down upon him.

One night after a fruitless ride for the expected letter that never came, he noticed the leathern mail bag that the negroes were in the habit of bringing the mail in, hanging in its accustomed place behind the door. It bulged with ancient papers, and he emptied the contents on the floor.

There were papers whose head lines seemed the most biting sarcasms, a letter or two of no importance when written, and one from his sister who had married a Mormon, freed her slaves, and in tearful meekness borne the reproaches of her kindred and gone a long journey to the west. The letter was months old, and had he received it when it was new, he would probably not have read it, but now, in his desolation and loneliness, it gave him a

thrill of exquisite pleasure, and he opened and read the kind sisterly letter, and realized what a good heart, and what a noble devout spirit was expressed in the simple sentences of love and sympathy, and his heart went out to her as never before.

"God bless you, little girl," he said softly as he slipped the letter back into the envelope, "and you surely are blessed that you are in a mountain fastness so remote that only the echo of the horrors of this terrible war, and the heart breaking toil of this awful peace, can reach you. Drawing up to a table he wrote the first real brotherly letter he had penned to his sister since her marriage, but it was one of many that followed it in after years.

A month of toil with scanty recompense, and no word from the wife he loved so dearly. He had written several letters now, and once the thought had crossed his mind that she might be *dead*, but he had put it in haste away, and insisted cheerfully to Captain Parker that it was very doubtful if any letters went straight, and the answer would come soon.

One evening, just as the sun was setting he took a seat on the front steps of the veranda, to wait the appearance of Captain Parker who came regularly to spend the evening, driven by sheer loneliness, when a rickety traveling carriage came creaking toward the house.

Mr. Foster rose to his feet, and scanned the carriage closely. Something very familiar there was about the colored man perched on the driver's seat, and in another moment he recognized Tom, his own colored man. As the carriage stopped Mr. Foster mechanically opened the door, and the next moment his precious wife was in his arms, sobbing for joy that he and she were together again, and laughing at his bewilderment, when she fished a small white bundle out of the carriage, and laid it in his arms.

There, under the ancestral trees, bare-headed in the flood of golden light from the setting sun, he received in his arms his son and heir, and with his wife gently clinging to his arm, ascended the steps, and felt again the strong motive for life.

Mutual explanations were made, and received, and happiness again sat down with them in their own home, for the wife declared, like Ruth of old, that she would

share her husband's fate, and never leave him for a more luxurious life, and he was well content to have it so.

Aunt Nancy took the baby away to give him a bath and get him ready for bed, and as she reached the door, she looked back and said: "Mars Fred, if you'd had yo own way, whare you ben now? Where yo all bin wiv'out Aunt Nancy, now dis bressed chile done come home I like to know?"

Ellen Jakeman.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN THE NURSERY.

With wild surprise
Four great eyes
In two small heads
From neighboring beds
Looked out—and winked—
And glittered and blinked
At a very queer sight
In the dim star-light.
As plain as can be.

A fairy tree
Flashes and glimmers
And shakes and shimmers.
Red, green and blue
Meet their view,
Silver and gold
Their sharp eyes behold;
Small moon, big stars;
And jams in jars,
And cakes and honey
And thimbles and money;
Pink dogs, blue cats,
Little squeaking rats,
And candles and dolls

And crackers and polls,
A real bird that sings,
And tokens and favors
And all sorts of things
For the little shavers.

Four black eyes
Grow big with surprise;
And grow bigger
When a tiny little figure,
Jaunty and airy
(Is it a fairy?)
From the tree-top cries,
"Open wide! Black Eyes!
Come, Children, wake now!
Your joys you may take now."

Quick as you can think
Twenty small toes
In four pretty rows,
Like little piggies pink,
All kick in the air—
And before you can wink
The tree stands bare!

--Independent.



TRUTH THE IMMORTAL.

Words by O. F. Whitney.

Music by George Careless.

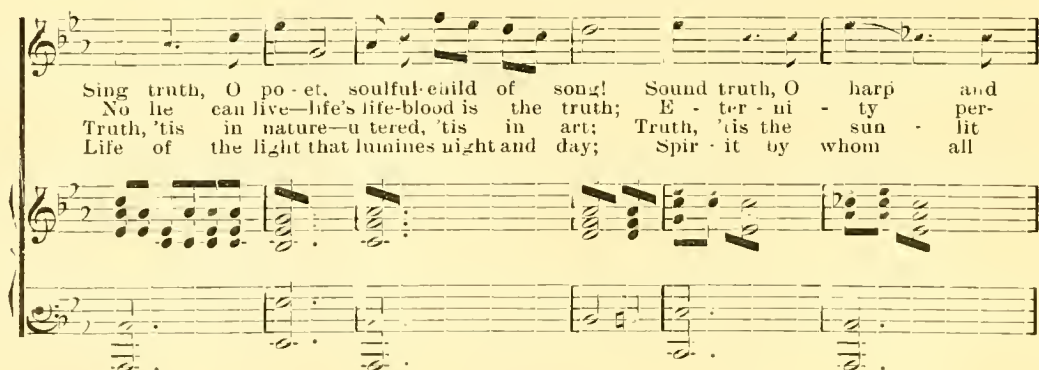
Moderato.



1. Speak truth, O oracle, what're thy
 2. 'Tis this alone gives fame im - mor - tal
 3. Truth, 'tis a fountain springing from the
 4. Nor less thy life and light, O child of



tongue! Paint truth, O lim - ner of earth, sea and sky!
 youth; Cul - ture and beau - ty, truthless, plead in vain;
 heart—There Shakespeare lingered, and there Ho - mer laved;
 clay! Lamp of the soul, the inward spark di - vine;



Sing truth, O po - et, soulful-child of song! Sound truth, O harp and
 No lie can live—life's life-blood is the truth; E - ter - ni - ty per -
 Truth, 'tis in nature—u - tered, 'tis in art; Truth, 'tis the sun - lit
 Life of the light that lumines night and day; Spir - it by whom all



Ritard
 heart of melo - dy! Sound truth, O harp and heart of melo - dy!
 pet - uates its reign. E - ter - ni - ty per - pet - uates its reign.
 pathway of the saved. Truth, 'tis the sun - lit path - way of the saved.
 splendors soar and shine. Spir - it by whom all splendors soar and shine.
 Ritard

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

Edited by Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris

FIFTH SUNDAY, JANUARY 8, 1905.

Suggestions.

Encourage reminiscences of Christmas time. Unless such experiences are recalled over and over again they will have no lasting effect upon the children.

Time with children moves more slowly than with us. As Campbell says:—

A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

Repetitions are necessary to impress the truths contained in the stories and songs upon their young minds and hearts. Do not give too much, rather learn a little well than to give too much that is new.

Study your own class of children and add to or take from as experience and wisdom tell you.

Give the children the privilege of choosing the songs and stories once in a while, and if you find something more suitable for your special class than that given in these lessons use it, as you see best.

Use pictures and black-board drawings often. With a little practice the black-board can be made of great value in picturing and explaining scenes and incidents to the children.

1. Song:

Good-morning to you, good-morning to you, etc.
Tis love brings us here, Tis love brings us here,
etc.

(Patty Hill, page 3.)

2. Hymn:

Father of All in Heaven Above.

Patty Hill, page 17).

3. Lord's Prayer:

4. Lesson:

Who remembers what big-day or holiday it was two Sundays ago? Yes, Christmas And who goes about on Christmas Eve with dolls and toys for boys and girls?

Of course every one of us received a nice present but I wonder if we gave anything to any one or did something to make some one else happy. (Let children tell what they did for others. There may be children present, who were absent on Christmas Sunday, who will want to tell what they received also).

Christmas or Christ's birthday, the day on which God sent us His Son, the very best gift that man ever received, we all enjoy, and just one week after Christmas comes another holiday called New Year's Day. Because it is the first day of the New Year.

Who can remember of having a birthday? (Count hands). Every time we have a birthday we are one year older than we were before, and New Year's Day is the New Year's birthday.

Every year has twelve children or months and each of them have their own work to do.

Their names are JANUARY, which always comes first, bringing Jack Frost, icicles, ice and snow so the boys and girls can have a jolly time with their sleds and skates.

Then comes FEBRUARY, with more ice and snow and sleigh-bells and valentines, and the wind and cold say to us—"Wrap up warm in your coats, caps, mittens and over-shoes, and keep a good, warm fire in the house or we will find you."

Next comes MARCH, with warmer winds and sunshine that melt the snow and ice and wake up the pussy-willows and call to the green grass blades and yellow dandelions to begin to grow.

Then APRIL, with warm rains and warmer sunshine and more flowers and robins and blue-birds.

Then MAY with more birds and flowers and apple-blossoms and bees. May-Day and Decoration Day.

Next JUNE, the month of roses, followed by JULY, with the 4th and 24th, the days to hang out our flag of red, white and blue and shoot off firecrackers.

Then AUGUST and SEPTEMBER, with fruit trees full of ripe apples, peaches and pears.

Next OCTOBER, with conference and ripening grains.

Then NOVEMBER with the harvest and Thanksgiving Day, when the grains and potatoes and apples and pumpkins are all put away from the cold.

Then last of the twelve months comes again DECEMBER, with Christmas and love and good-will to all.

Sometimes the snowflakes fall before Christmas comes but they are quite sure to come to us in January and here is a little story about snowflakes that we can learn to sing. See if you do not think it pretty.

Merry little snowflakes
Dancing in the air;
Busy little snow-flakes
Falling every where.
Blowing in our faces,
Falling at our feet,
And kissing all the children
As they run along the street.
(Patty Hill, page 28).

5. Rest Exercise (choose one).

6. Children's Period.

7. Closing Song (choose from those known).

8. Closing Prayer.

SIXTH SUNDAY, JANUARY 15, 1905.

Song:

1. "Good morning to you." (Hill.)
2. Hymn. (Hill.)
3. Prayer. "The Lord's Prayer."
4. "Good morning, brave children." (Hill. Sing one verse.)

5. Nature Talk:

These nights, when it is so cold, what is it we see shining so brightly in the sky? The stars. The cold, frosty weather always seems to make the stars sparkle more, does it not? And when the snow is on the ground and the stars and bright moon are out, it makes it very light. Who can tell me how the moon looks? Does it always look large and round, or does it sometimes look different? Will you all look at the moon the next time it rises and then tell me how it looks? Let us all say the little story about "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," etc.

Now teach one verse of "Lovely Moon." (Hill.)

6. Bible Story—Lesson V:

We have heard how Joseph and Mary obeyed the Lord, and left their home with the baby Jesus and traveled a long, long way until they reached Egypt, and there they lived until an angel appeared to Joseph in a dream and told him that King Herod, who wanted to destroy the baby Jesus (do not dwell on this), was dead, and that Joseph could now take Mary and Jesus back to their home.

How happy they must have been to go to their home again!

When any of us go away just for a little while, we like to hurry back, don't we? So Joseph and Mary were glad to take Jesus and go back where their friends and loved ones were. But when they heard that King Herod's son was the king, they were afraid that he might not be good to them. They went to the city of

Nazareth to live, thus fulfilling the prophecy made by some of the prophets, that Jesus should be called a Nazarene.

Some people call us "Mormons," just as Jesus Christ was called a "Nazarene;" but we should all be good enough to be called by our right name, which is "Latter-day Saints," for we belong to the Church of Jesus Christ, and I am sure we all want to try to do as Jesus would like us to.

7. "I put my right hand in,"—as given in last month's list of rest exercises.

8. Story—"Legend of Great Dipper."

There was once a little child who said: "Mother, what makes those stars look like a large dipper in the sky?" And as the mother looked up there she could see some bright stars formed to make a large dipper; and if you look some clear night you can see them, too, for the dipper is always there. This mother said, "Well, come here my child, and I will tell you a story of the Great Dipper that I once heard a long time ago. Away off in this star world there was a great trouble and sorrow. For some reason, nobody but the Father in heaven knew why there was no water at all. The people and the animals and all the living things were suffering from thirst. There was no water in the lakes, nor where the streams had once been, no rain nor snow, and everything was withering and dying of thirst. And the people were dying.

"There was a little child of that world who had been sitting near her mother, who was very sick, and she had been praying that some water might come, if it was only enough for her sick mother. When all at once she left the bedside and took a small tin dipper and hurried out into the garden. There she was all alone in the cold and the dark. She knelt down and prayed to the Heavenly Father to give her just a little water in her tin

dipper; and when she had finished she found the dipper filled with clear, cold water. She was very thirsty, but would not touch even her lips to the water, for she thought of her dear sick mother, and ran towards the house. As she ran, the water did not spill out at all, but, alas! the poor child tripped over something and fell. She felt for her dipper, hoping the water would be there, when her hand touched the body of a little dog who was dying of thirst. Do you know what the good child did? She found the water still in her dipper, so she poured some out into her hand and let the little dog lap it. And the dog seemed to drink as if from a river.

"Then something wonderful happened to her dipper—it grew larger and larger, and turned to silver. She turned into the house and gave the silver dipper filled with sparkling water to her mother. But the mother would not take it for herself. She said to her servant, 'You drink; you need your strength, you have been so kind to me.' When the mother did that, do you know, that dipper turned from silver into gold, and grew larger and held more water. The servant took it, and was about to give water to those in the house, when a stranger entered the room, who seemed to be faint for water. The servant went to him with the large golden dipper and said, 'Sacred are the needs of a stranger in a strange land,' and pressed the water to his dry lips. Then the most wonderful thing happened—the golden dipper became incrustated with beautiful sparkling diamonds, and it seemed to have a fountain of pure, clean water within, enough to give to all things in the land. And about the stranger appeared a radiant and glorious light, so bright that it dazzled their eyes. And then, as the stranger faded from their sight, they heard the voice say, 'Blessed is he that giveth a cup of water in my name.'

"And never again in that world did those people suffer for water."

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing.

Sing "Good-by" song. Then sing appropriate song for the children to march out by.



ACROSS CANADA.

THE LAKES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

IN crossing Canada by way of Vancouver from the west, the first important matter in crossing British Columbia is the selection of the more desirable of the two routes. When the train reaches Revelstoke, three hundred and eighty-one miles from Vancouver, the road forks, the regular and all railroad line goes directly to the east, while a branch line goes by way of Arrowhead and Kootenay lakes. The railroad extends south to the Arrowhead lake, a distance of some twenty-eight miles. One route carries you beneath the great glacier, the other over two of the most beautiful lakes in the world. One, from the descriptions given him by travelers, is really perplexed in determining which of the routes is the more charming. There is so much gorgeous mountain scenery along the Fraser that a continuation by the regular line would be a repetition in some measure of what one had already witnessed; and unless one has some special reason for desiring to view the great glacier, the lake route is preferable.

All day long the steamer glides over Arrowhead Lake for a distance of some one hundred and sixty-five miles. This lake is in reality an expanse of the upper Columbia river. The scenery about its banks has all the charm of the pine-clad mountain sides of Switzerland. The waters of the lake are a dark blue and reflect

like a mirror the green-clad hills on either side. The pines reach down to the water's edge, and climb in graceful retreat over the rolling hills. Here and there are abrupt perpendicular heights whose barren faces set off in striking contrast the beautiful forms of the trees whose rich foliage so enlivens the landscape around.

During the day a thunderstorm arose, the rainbows moved from point to point their charming luster, and lent to the scene something that was truly enchanting. Certainly the lakes of Switzerland and northern Italy present no more inspiring aspect by their natural surroundings than these comparatively little frequented lakes of British Columbia. There are no beautiful cities and picturesque villages along the shores of Arrowhead lake such as one finds about the lakes of Switzerland. Here and there were a few huts of lumbermen and trappers, but the whole aspect is one of solitude and grandeur. The lakes are well supplied with salmon, some of which are said to be of enormous size.

Along in the afternoon, as we were approaching the end of the lake, a scene of exciting interest was afforded the passengers on board the steamer. Fish hawks had been seen flying about all the afternoon. A few hundred yards ahead of the steamer one of the hawks darted violently into the water and disappeared. In a few moments it came to the surface

with what was observed to be a large fish. It was only partly removed above the surface of the water. A fierce struggle ensued. The fish lashed to and fro its nimble body, and presently both bird and fish disappeared again under the surface. A careful and curious outlook at the place was kept up for some time by the passengers, but neither fish nor bird was seen to emerge again from the water. It was supposed that the bird's talons had become so fastened in the fish that it became impossible to extricate himself, and he, therefore, went down to a watery grave.

After the south end of Lake Arrowhead had been reached, the passengers were transferred to a railroad which carried them to the head of Kootenay lake to the town of Nelson, where another steamboat conveyed them over Lake Kootenay to a continuation of the railroad line known as the Crow's Nest Pass Route.

From Kootenay the descent to the prairies of the Alberta is very rapid.

The train moves in a zigzag course down the hillside so rapidly that one's position in the car is constantly changing; and unless one is a fairly good sailor, he is likely to experience all the symptoms of sea sickness. The mountain sides are covered with hemlock, firs, pines and cedars. Every here and there, saw mills are busily working up the great stacks of logs about them. Lumbermen can be seen on either side of the road felling huge trees and preparing them for the mills.

In the month of June the insects, especially mosquitoes, are veritable pests all through the mountains. They are so bad that railroad men in many places are compelled to wear netting over their faces, while such covering is very common among the lumbermen who, without this protection, would find life unbearable in the midst of such pests as the mosquito of British Columbia whose bite is the severest the writer has experienced from this pestiferous little insect.



A MODERN NOAH'S ARK.

A NOAH'S ark, constructed by an engineer, M. Vogt, as nearly as possible with the description given in the Bible narrative, of two hundred tons burthen, recently received a trial trip at Copenhagen. The cost of building was defrayed by the Carlberg Naval Fund. Vogt followed the outlines of the most ancient representation known of the ark which is given on an Apamean coin, dating 300 B. C., now the property of the Stockholm Museum. He made his model thirty feet in length, five feet wide and three feet in height, the entire dimensions averaging about one-tenth the actual size of Noah's ark. Interpreting the Hebrew word "Zohar" not as light, which is the usual meaning assigned to

it, but as a smoke escape, the model was further equipped with a chimney. The ark, with a number of university professors, engineers, government officials and journalists on board, as well as her designer, Vogt, behaved splendidly, skimming gracefully over the waves and veering with the changing winds with an ease as though worked by a propeller. The ark is declared by marine experts to be not only the simplest kind of vessel possible, but also a masterpiece of ship-building upon which the latest developments of the craft could devise no improvement. It has been decided by the municipality to invite the King to make a trip on the new Noah's ark.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS



EDITED BY
LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

THE "YABACHIES."

ABOUT five weeks ago five "Yabachies" (Navajo Indians is the common name) came to town running around in the streets and hollowing. It caused great excitement for the children. We didn't know what it meant at first but we soon found out. The purpose of the "Yabachies" coming and dancing around the streets was to get something for them to eat while they were carrying on their big dance across the river.

It is part of their religious belief that dancing will heal their sick. By it they thank the Almighty for sending them so much rain that they had good crops and grass, and many fat horses, cattle and sheep. They also pray to the Lord that He will still send them lots of rain, that they can still have good times.

There was one out of the five who was called the Receiver. He had a pair of black corduroy pants, a black velvet shirt and a mask on, so that we could not see his face. He had a big white hat with ribbons around the crown and big feathers stuck in it, a belt of silver, and a wreath of pine boughs around his neck.

He carried a sack made out of skin, and went to nearly every place in town and would motion for the people to put something in his sack, which most every one did. There were other Indians out

in the street with a wagon, and they would follow the "Yabachies." So when the receiver got anything he would empty it out of his sack into the wagon.

There were four others naked except that they had a fox skin around their loins with the tail hanging down behind, and all kinds of ribbons hanging down from their necks. Their hair was hanging loose and they had masks over their faces. Their bodies were painted. They had little grasses or willows to whip the white children with if they tried to bother them in any way. They had a big dance across the river, and nearly all the people in town [Bluff City] went across, but they did not start to dance till twelve o'clock, and we had to come home. There were about three or four hundred Indians at the dance.

ALTA NIELSON, age 11 years.

A RIDDLE.

There's a queer little house
That stands in the sun;
When the good mother calls
The children all run;
While under her roof
It is cozy and warm
Tho' the cold wind may whistle
And bluster and storm.

In the day time this queer
Little house moves away,
And the children run after,
So happy and gay.

But it comes back at night
And the children are fed
And tucked up to sleep
In their warm, cozy bed.

This queer little house
Has no windows nor doors;
The roof has no chimneys
The rooms have no floors:
No fire-places, chimneys,
No stoves can you see
Yet the children are cozy
And warm as can be.

The story of this
Little house is quite true.
I have seen it myself,
And I'm sure you have, too;
You can see it today
If you'll watch the old hen
While her downy wings cover
Her chickens again.

The Plan Book.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Thanksgiving and a Birthday Party.

ÆTNA, ALTA, CANADA.

I will tell you what nice times we had on our Thanksgiving day, November 17. Our Sunday School teachers invited us to spend the afternoon with them. They treated us very kindly. We played games, had a program of songs and recitations, had a nice lunch, and nuts and candy to finish up with. It was the birthday of Sister Cox. She is 71 years old, and is our department teacher. Brother R. G. Lambert spent last Sunday in our ward. I like to hear him talk. We are having lovely fall weather.

PORTINEUS GREENE, 10 years old.

Visits, North and East.

WEST JORDAN, UTAH.

As I have not noticed any little letters from our ward in the Letter-Box, I will write one. I had a trip to Idaho a year ago last summer. We went to the Snake River valley and then to Soda Springs.

There were fourteen different springs that we visited. Last summer we took a trip east to visit my grandma. She is seventy nine years old, and I am thirteen.

BERTHA WRIGHT.

An Effectual Prayer.

CALDER'S PARK, UTAH.

I thought I would write to the Letter-Box. I have had three brothers and two sisters, but have only one sister living. My sister is twelve years old and I am nine. I used to suffer a great deal with cramps in my stomach, and had them very often. One night I was so bad that I called my mama and asked her to get up and help me to pray. She did so, and I have never been troubled that way since.

MABEL JOHNSEN.

A Visit to Soda Springs.

DRAPER, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE READERS:—I thought I would write a little of my experience. I went up to Idaho last summer, with my papa, to the sheep herd. We visited Soda Springs, and had all the beautiful soda water we could drink. I am ten years old.

THEO. E. STOCKING.

Much to be Thankful for.

MESA, ARIZONA.

Last Thanksgiving day we had many things to be thankful for. Our little baby nearly two months old, choked one time, when he was about four weeks old, so that he turned purple, and it seemed as though he would die. But papa and Brother C. S. Stapley administered to him and he got all right, and is strong and well now. I like to hear stories of people

doing good things for each other. But I like best of all the story of Christ in the manger.

EUGENIA GUTHRIE.

Love is the Law.

PROVO, UTAH.

I have long wanted to write and give you my love. Like so many of you, I too love school and Sunday School, and all my teachers. In fact, the spirit of our dear religion is love. I am twelve years old.

IRENE BASSETT.

A Ride to Sunday School.

CHICAGO, ILL.

I am six years old. I tend Aunt Rhoda's baby. My little brother is four years old today. We used to live in Salt Lake City. We go twelve miles to Sunday School every Sunday on the elevated railroad. I send my love in this to all my little friends in Utah.

MAURINE PETERSON.

Fishing in Summer.

MARYSVILLE, IDAHO.

We have lived here only two years, and we like it. In the summer we go fishing, and have fine times. My oldest brother is in Utah, going to school. My papa is counselor to our Bishop. I am twelve years old.

BRUCE F. REYNOLDS.

Bereaved.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I am ten years old. My mama is dead, and I have only my papa, my brother and

my sister. Papa and I live alone. We are boarding. Brother and sister are married. I am very happy. My Aunt Mamie and Uncle Horace are on a mission in Japan. I have to write to them, so good-bye.

FLORENCE DECKER.

FAREWELL AND WELCOME.

Goodbye, Old Year, of Nineteen hundred and four!

How short, and yet how full your course appears,

Now that you leave us, to return no more,

But to be numbered with the bygone years. Goodbye, dear friend! I'm thankful to have met you,

And hope you have enjoyed, as well as I, Our brief acquaintance; I shall not forget you, Nor lose your precious lesson gifts. Godbye!

Oh, welcome, New Year, Nineteen hundred and five!

How patiently and faithfully you've stood, Waiting your turn to march with those alive, And lead us forward toward the promised good.

I'm grateful for your coming. My endeavor Shall be to make a record fair with you, Much better than the last. So on, forever, Farewell, and welcome always, Old and New.

L. L. G. R.

GOD'S PROMISES.

God hath not promised
Skies ever blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
Always for you.

God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.

But God hath promised
Strength from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love.

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